

LATTASBURG, OHIO, Feb. 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I see so many letters from all over the land, but none from Fair Haven. I felt bad. I love to read them so well I thought I would write one too. This is my first letter I am only eight years old. I go to school. I read in the second reader and write and spell. My teacher is Mr. H. Sheperd. I like him well. I have had to stay at home for six weeks on account of sore throat, but I am nearly able to go again, I have one sister and two brothers all older than I am. We all go to Fair Haven Sunday school in summer. We have none in the winter time. I wish we could have an ever green Sabbath school. I never get tired of going. We have preaching every Sunday by Bro. W. Keifer. I hope to hear from more of the Fair Haven little folks. There are many that can write better than I can. I will answer Homer Harrison's question asked his last letter. Abel was the first Martyr. Now I hope Homer will get well and write again, for his letters are always good. Now good-bye.

CLARA THORLEY.

We are glad, Clara, that you have come over to get acquainted with us. We expected to be at Fair Haven where we could meet all the folks, big and little, that we have ever heard of, and some that we have never heard of; but Homer's sickness prevented. We shall now likely wait till you start Sunday school in the spring. Do you stop your Sunday school in the winter because the "Bad man" can't work when it is cold and the roads bad? Please explain.

NORTH LIBERTY, OHIO, Feb. 4, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my third attempt to write for the children's column. I am sorry to hear of little Homer's illness. But am glad to hear that he is getting better. I attend Sabbath school every Sunday. We expect to continue our Sabbath school the year round. Bro. Jesse Calvert preaches at Ankneytown today and at our place next Sunday. He is a very good pastor. We like him very much. I am eleven years old. My papa, mamma and I belong to the Brethren Church. I will ask a question. How

old was Jesus Christ when crucified?

HOMER GRUBB.

This letter pleases us very much. It is written with a pen and ink as black as a crow, and on every other line only of the paper. Every word is spelled correctly. The only mistake we found is the post office was given at the close of the letter as well as at the beginning. It is put up in better shape than most of the old people do theirs. But the feature of the letter that pleases us most is that you enjoy your pastor and have already enlisted in King Jesus' army. We expect soon to tell you of another little boy that has chosen the Creator in the days of his youth.

CUTLER, IND. Feb. 5, 1894.

MR. HARRISON;—I will try and write a few lines. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I read in the second reader. I would like to join church but mamma and papa thinks I am too young. But I love Jesus if I am little. Mamma and my brother have gone to church tonight, and papa and I are at home. My papa teaches school. My teacher's name is Effie Weaver. Papa and mamma and brother belong to the Brethren church. I was up to Salem to church last Sunday. There are lots of children belong to that church up there. I will close.

BLANCH FLORA.

This is a very nice letter, Blanch, only you forgot and wrote on each line of the paper. All the words are correctly spelled, and the form of the letter is good. It is well that you want to serve God. It not only tells us that your thoughts are good, but also that your papa and mamma are raising you properly. Every good boy and girl if properly raised should want to be a Christian before they are twelve years of age; and if the editor had a hundred children he would want them all in the church before they reached their "teens." Salem must be a good church if there are lots of children in it. Jesus says none of us can go to heaven except we "become as little children"

USING THE PIECES.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics

His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"O master," faltered the astonished boy, "it's only my poor work! You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.—*Sel.*

"Those are the Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others."